for ſweet *Iacke Falſtaffe*, kind *Iacke Falſtaffe* true *Iacke Falſtaffe*, valiant *Iacke Falſtaffe*, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is old *Iacke Falſtaffe*, baniſh not him thy *Harries* company, baniſh not him thy *Harries* company; baniſh plumpe *Iacke*, and baniſh all the world.

Prin. I doe, I will. *Enter Bardoll running.*

Bar. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Shriefe, with a moſt monſtrous Watch is at the dore.

Fal. Out you rogue, play out the play: I haue much to ſay in the behalfe of that *Falſtaffe*.

Enter the Hoſteſſe.

Hoſ. O Ieſu, my Lord, my Lord!

Falſ. Heigh, heigh, the Diuell rides vpon a Fiddle-ſticke, what's the matter?

Hoſ. The Sherife and all the Watch are at the dore, they are come to ſearch the Houſe, ſhall I let them in?

Falſ. Doſt thou heare, *Hall*? neuer call a true piece of Gold, a Counterfeit, thou art eſſentially made, without ſeeming ſo.

Prince. And thou a naturall Coward, without inſtinct.

Falſ. I deny your Major; if you will deny the Sherife, ſo, if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I ſhall as ſoone bee ſtrangled with a Halter as another.

Prince. Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the reſt walke vp aboue. Now my Maſters, for a true Face and good Conſcience.

Falſ. Both which I haue had; but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide mee.

Prin. Call in the Sherife.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prin. Now maſter Sherife, what is your will with mee?

Sher. Firſt, pardon me, my Lord. A hue and cry hath followed certaine men vnto this houſe.

Prince. What men?

Sher. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a groſſe fat man.

Car. As fat as Butter.

Prince. The man, I do aſſure you, is not heere,
For I my ſelfe at this time haue employed him:

And

And Sherife, I will ingage my word t
That I will by to morrow dinner tim
Send him to anſwere thee or any man
For any thing he ſhall be charg'd wit
And ſo let me intreate you leaue the h

Sher. I will, my Lord, there are two
Haue in this robbery loſt 300 marke

Prin. It may be ſo: if he haue rob'd
He ſhalbe anſwerable: and ſo farewel

Sher. Good night, my noble Lord.

Prin. I thinke it is good morrow,

Sher. Indeed, my Lord, I thinke it i

Prince. This oyly raſcall is knowne
him forth.

Peto. *Falſtaffe*? faſt aſleepe behinde
like a horſe.

Prin. Harke how hard he fetches b

He ſearcheth his pockets, and finde

Prin. What haſt thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my Lord

Prin. Let's ſee what be they: read
Item a Capon
Item ſawce
Item Sacke, two gallons
Item Anchoues and Sacke after Suppe
Item bread

O monſtrous, but one halfe peniwor
rable deale of Sacke! What there is elſ
at more aduantage, there let him ſlee
in the morning. We muſt all to the W
be honorable. Ile procure this fat rogu
I know his death will bee a match of
ſhall bee payed backe againe with adu
times in the morning, and ſo good mo

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lo

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, L
Owen Glendow

Mor. Theſe promiſes are faire, th

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